

13
SPIRITVALL HYMNE

OR

THE SACRIFICE OF A SINNER,
to be offred vpon the Altar of a humbled
Heart, to CHRIST our Redeemer.

Inverted in English Sapphicks, from the
Latine, of that Reverend, Religious,
and learned Divine, M^r ROBERT
BOYD of Trochorege,

By
S^r WILLIAM MYRE
yo: of Roswallane Knight,

By whom is also annexed a Poeme, Entituled

DOOMES-DAY.

Containing, HELL'S horroure,
and HEAVENS happinesse.



EDINBURGH,

Printed by Iohn Weistoun, and are to bee sold
at his shop a little beneath the salt-Trowe,
Anno-Dom, 1628.

SPIRIT VALL HYMNE

THE SACRIFICE OF A SINNER
collected from the altar of the
Heart, in the year 1811

Inserted in English Hymns, &c.
for the use of the Church, &c.
and printed by the author
John W. Mason

BY
S. WILLIAM MARE
Pastor of the Church of the Holy Trinity

By whom is also annexed a Poem, Entitled

D O O M E S D A Y

Containing, HELL'S horrors
and the HEAVEN'S happiness



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THE
SACRIFICE
OF A SINNER.

TO
CHRIST OUR REDEEMER.

CHRIST of thy Saints the^a Head, the^b King, ^{a Eph. 4.}
Whose bounties vn-exhausted spring ^{15.}
Doth to thy meanest^c members bring ^{b. Luk. 1.}
Eternall streames of grace. ^{33.}
Giue mee, (sweet Saviour) Thee to sing, ^{c. Ioh: 1}
In holy hymnes, with heart condigne ^{16.}
Which eating age, nor envyes sting
Shall in no time deface.

Thou Lord, with glorious beams^d all bright ^{d Ioh: 1.9}
Glazing around thy Throne of light
Outreaching farre my feeble sight, ^{e. Exod}
Heere, in deaths shade exylde, ^{33. 20}
Thy clouds dispell; guilts load make light ^{1. Tim. 6}
Which doth surcharge my fainting spright, ^{16.}
That I may spreade thy praise, thy might,
With heart pure, vndefyl'de.

A 2

With

Adv. Bil.

The Sacrifice of a Sinner.

3

- With worship chaste, in soule sincere,
1. Ioh. 4. Thou shouldst bee celebrate in feare.
24. Hence, yce vncleane, that darre appeare
b. Mat. with hands, with hearts prophaine.
7. 6. O let a^c Seraphim draw neare
c. Esay. 6. A flaming Coale, whose hand doth beare
6, 7. My lips, my heart, from Heavens high spheare
to purge from double staine.

4

- Then shall these documents divine,
By which thy crosses fruits, doe shine,
To happie Life, conducting Thyne,
my Thoughts by day, by night,
With meditation deepe confyne:
d. Ioh. 1. At morne, midday, my weake engyne
12. While Heavens clear Torch his course decli
e Phil. 2. 6 shall in thy praise delight,
15.

5

- f. Ro. 11. Sonne, with thy Syre, in 4 yeares, in mig
33. In all co-equall: mans dimme sight
g. heb. 1. Transcending: s like thy paterne bright
3. Col. 1. An Other, and the Same.
6. 67 True God of God; myld^d Maid-borne wi
h. Matt. Bless^d Ladder, reaching earth aright,
1. 18. 1. Co-opting things of greatest height
i. gen. with lowe: Lights glorious beame.
28, 12.

To Christ our Redeemer.

6.

Safetie of Soules, sight of the blinde,
Haven, where the shipwrackt shelter finde,
End of all toyles, Ease of the minde,
press'd downe with sinfull loade.
Reward of works, due in no kinde,
To conflict past the Palme assignde,
Soules cure, with sins sore sicknesse pynde,
the banisht mans aboade.

7

Blest ^abow, bepayingnting azure aire, ^{a gen. 9.}
Thy pledge who did the World repaire, ^{14.}
Arke, rendring Thine secure from care ^{b gen. 6.}
of ouerflowing floods, ^{14.}
Their Crowne that fight, their pryze most rare ^{c 1. Cor.}
That run;earths peace, heauens joy: hells feares ^{10 4.}
A saving ^cRocke to thine, a ^dsnare ^{d 1. Cor.}
to such as sinne secludes. ^{12.3.}

8

Israels glory, ^eGentiles light, ^{e. luc. 2. 32}
Summe of the fathers wisht-for sighs, ^{f luc. 10.}
Of Paradise, the deare delight, ^{g gen. 2.}
Eternall Tree of life. ^{9.}
On source which watering day and night
In foure cleare streames divided right
Preserues, from yeares, from dayes despight,
but arte, or gardners knife.

Th

The sacrifice of a Sinner.

a Rom.

9

10. 4. The^a Lawes, the^b Prophets scope, who shew

b Act. Thy face, when Thou the^c vaile withdrew

10. 43. Of Types; of^d Shads the body true;

c 2. Cor. ^e Lambe, ^f Altar, ^g Priest at ones;

3. 14. ^h Lambekild before the Worlds first view;

d Col. 2. Altar, which sinne inherent flew,

17. Priest, who in man did grace renew

e Io. 1. 36 mounting aloneⁱ heauens Thrones,

f Heb. 13

10

10. J sing my^h Mediators praise,

g Heb. 2. Whose hand o're all the scepter swayes,

17. Whoⁱ Angels fall did stint, yet stayes,

h Rev. 13 ^m man false, did raise againe.

8. Who filde the breach, by wondrous wayes;

i Heb. 9 Of Heauens proud Apostats, hells preyes,

24 Earthlings adornde with Angells rayes

k Heb. 9. 'mong'st the immortall traine:

15.

11

l Col. 1. But say (sweet Iesu) what procurde

20 Thee, in aⁿ servants shape immurde,

m. 1 Cor. To pittie man in sinne obdurde

1. 30. Gods rebell to beefriend?

n Phil. To pleade for him who thee abjurde,

2. 7. Suffring thy Godhead lurke obscurde,

o Phil. 2. Last, on the^o Tree (O Tears) indurde,

8. an ignominious end?

To Christ our Redeemer.

shew
w.

W.

s,

s,

ayes;

yes,

yes

s,

e,

e,

e,

e,

12

a. Tim. I

15.

b. Col. I

20.

c Rom. 6.

4.

d Gal. 3.

13.

e Rom. 8.

11.

f Phil. 2.

9. 10, 11.

g Esay 53

7. 10.

13

14

h Esay 53

A 4

Our

Else perisht had the World for aye,
No other Meanes Gods wrath could lay,
None else, could, (working deaths decay,)
Mans Image first, infuse;
None else, Laws paine severe could pay;
Heauens wal's to scale no other way,
To vernish fresh graues rotten prey,
Means, Thou alone couldst vse.

Without Thee Lord, supremely blest;
Whom highest honour doth invest,
For Man with paines extremly prest,
by spoyles of conquer'd Hell
Heauens glorious courts had neere encrest:
For should our flesh's loade, to rest
Abooue the Spheares, its selfe addrest
'mid'st heauens blest hosts to dwell.

Since, sprang Mans ease exyling toyle
A hopelesse groanes, which, so did boyle
In my breast, that Thou pourd'st in the Oyle
Of Mercie, in his wounds.
His Plaints procur'd thy soules turmoyle
That Thou his lot did'st take, to soyle
My life, Death and Hell. O Glorious spoyle!
Which, reasons ray confounds.

The sacrifice of a Sinner,

15

Our guilts foule shame, shame did deface,
Empurp'ring thy vntained face:
Thy clouds, thy care, our light, our peace
our Victorie thy listes,
Thy hels, in heauen procurde vs place,
Our honour grew by thy disgrace,
O Wisedome, if not found by grace,
Mans wit involves in mists.

16

O sauing Knowledge, which of right
1. Cor. I. ^aThe deepest Polititans sight
21. O'resyles, drownde in eternall night,
In clowdes of self-conceate!
O contrares, which by nature fight
Thus reconcil'de, mix'd by thy might,
Things weightie ballancing with light,
O change! O wonders great!

17

Thy dumpes, our doolefull hearts did ch
Our teare-blind sights, thy teares did cle
Thy deepe afflictions calmd our feare,
b. 2 Cor. Thy bands vs fred from paine.
8. 2. ^bThy wants our wealth procur'd; we
Roabs, by thy rags: grieues, thou didst b
Our greifes, our languishings, en-deare
thy blood, did ours restraine.

To Christ our Redeemer.

18

*That crimson sweat, these drops which drown'd *a luc. 22*
Thy blessed face, with rayes ours crownde, *44*
*Sins leprous spots, which soules confound, *b Rev.*
from Parents seede they purge. *5.*
Thou, shak'd by deaths approaching wound,
'gainst death mad'st vs secure be found,
Thou of our innocence the ground,
for vs, with guilt was vrgde,

19

*And when thou seemde some space to bee, *c Mat.*
Depriv'd from heauen of all supplie, *27. 46*
Yet banisht Man, still deare to Thee
Thou neuer didst forsake.

Mans state was still before thine Eye
Till entring Hell, Thou sett him free,
O^d Crosse once curst, now happie Tree,
Source, whence all good wee take.

d deut.
23.

20

When Thou thy selfe triumphde o're sho's
Nailde to the Crosse, expal'de to blo's,
Chargde by thy proud insulting foes
with infamie, with shame.

Torne, naked, pale, a mappe of woes,
Whilst floods of wrath thou vndergoes,
Thy syde transfixde, from which forth flo'es
a double gushing streame,

e Ioh. 19
Thy 34

The sacrifice of a Sinner,

21

- luk. 23. Thy soule commending to thy Syre,
 46 While twixt two ^b Theeues, Thou didst expire
 b. luk. 23. Loe, then enlarging thine Jmpire
 39. Thy foes Thou Captiues led,
 Col. 2. Triumphing on the Tree, hells ire,
 15. ^dDeaths sting, Earths Kings that did conspire
 A. hos. 13. Bound, hand and foote, thy wraths hote fyre
 14. their shame, before Thee bred.

22

- Thou ledst (great Victor) foylde in fight
 heb. 2. Those ^e bands, in darknesse, that delight
 14. Roots of mans ruine, foes to right,
 Rom. 8. ^f Sin, bound Thou didst detaine;
 2. To Heauens high courtes, a glorious fight,
 Gods Rebels vanquishde by thy might,
 Condemnde in chains of horride night
 for euer to remaine.

23

- g. 1 Cor. Loe, heere, deaths ^g double-poynted sting,
 15. 26. ^b Laws hand-writ there traverst, (deaths spring)
 b. 1 Cor Trode vnderfoote, in triumph bring
 15. 56. Thou didst, ⁱ nail'd to thy crosse.
 i. Col. 2. Thee, swallowing vp (death conqu'ring King)
 14. ^kDeath to it selfe, the graue did bring:
 k. 1. Cor. On rav'ning Wolfe, preyde ravishde thing,
 15. 55. Victorious by losse.

By

To Christ our Redeemer.

24

By death insulting, held as dead,
Deaths death Thou was, and deaths remeed.
O Thou who dost Gods secreets spread, *a Iohn. 1.*
Author, revealer wise, 18.
Heauens pure delight, the womans seede,
Who^b treading downe the Serpents head, *b. gen. 3.*
To wretched Man, didst pittie plead, 15.
Way, leading to the Skyes,

25

Oh, what had beene our fearefull fate,
Deare soules Redeemer? what our state?
Of ire, what hudge inunding spaite
had quenchde our of-spring weake?
Without thee Lord? hells preys of late,
Who mongst thy saints didst vs relate, *a. Col. 1.*
And mounting heauens with glorie great, 1.
deathes brazen barres didst breake.

26

Who saues vs in the day of ire,
When all shall bee refinde with fire
Who with thy Sp^rit dost vs inspire,
^d Arls of eternall Life. *d. 2. Cor*
Thy Sp^rIT of peace, our pledge, our hyre, 5.
Who, all vnites of thy empire *1. Eph. 13*
To Thee, our Head, our soules desire, 14.
for ever shunning strife.

His

By

The sacrifice of a Sinner,

27

His seuen-fold grace doth vs defend
From snares, the World, the flesh, forth send,
From Fiends infernall, which doe bend
theirs pow'rs 'gainst Thine, by night,
psal. 91 Which flie like ^a pestes by day, in end
5. 6. On winges, with faith and hope empen'd,
Heauens starrie circuits, wee transcend
by vertue of his might.

28

Hee, who eternallie foorth came
b1. Ioh. 5 With Father, and with Sonne, the Same
8. Thirde ^bbranch, joynd with that twofold stream,
e Rom. 8. ^cwitnesse on earth to beare,
16. By him confirmde, wee ^daccesse claime,
d. Eph. 2. To Gods hie Throne: with feare and shame
18. Brought low; by him wee doe proclaime,
e Rom. 8. ^eAbba, O Father deare.

15.

29

f Rom. 8. ^fHe sending vp a secreet grone,
36. Doth penetrat Gods eares anone,
No wordes, no cryes can reach his Throne,
nor speedier pierce the skies,
He doth vsyle the eyes alone
Of soules sincere, to them is showne
The layes hid sense; Hee doth enthrone
the lowe; the proud despise,

Soules

To Christ our Redeemer.

30

Soules languishing his grace revives,
To wandring steps hee regresse gives;
The false lifest vp, deathes throe's relieues,
by warme light of his flame.
The hardest heart of flint hee reaves,
For subjects, Rebells home receiues;
Subdues the stubburne, that believes,
no hardnesse breeds him shame.

31

Ev'n as perfumes, which most excell,
Worke on weake senses, and doe dispell
All former loathings: So befell
Thy Saints, the Virgines deare:
• How soone thy Names sweet fragrant smell a Cant.
Was powred forth, all prostrate fell, 1.2.3.
Who gainst Thee did before rebell,
Thy yoke now gladly beare.

32

O let this dewy shewre descend,
Of thy sweet Oyle, that We in end
That Rocke of safetie may ascend,
admitting no retreat.
Conduct vs who on thee depend,
(^bLife-giving essence) vs defend,
Who here our days in dangers spend
which vs each moment meete. b. Col. 3
4.

Lead

The Sacrifice of a Sinner,

33

Lead vs, poore Pilgrims, vnexpert,
Our Compasse, Pilore, Pole, who art,
Through this inhospitall desert,
this vaile of bitter teares,
Where perill lurkes in euerie part,
Where Asps their poylnous stings forth dart,
Whose plaines, no pleasures else impart
but scroching drought, and feares.

34

a *Esay* 55. Lead vs, those rivers to frequent
Where milke and honey yeelds content
Oleuer blesse, with good event,
the wrestlings of thine owne
Till, comming in the firmament
Unlookt for, by earths trembling tent,
b *Reu* 10. When times last *b* Period shall bee spent,
6. Thy glory thou make knowne.

35

a *Reu* 6. 14 That Day shall rest, *e* Heauens rolling spheares,
d *Reu* 23. Earthes refluos tumults, deathes pale feares,
5. *d* O day, which neuer night outweares,
Night, by no day displac't
Then, to the source floods course reteires,
Time lurking then, no more appears,
Hid in the vast abyss of yeares,
from whence, it first did haste.

To Christ our Redeemer.

36

O day, which doth all blesse impart
To all, who vpright are in heart;

O day of horror, full of smart,
to all of sprite impure!

Day, which shall sobs of saints convert

In songes of Joy: Day which shall dart!

Wrath on the wretch, who then shall start
wak'd from their sleepe secure,

37

That Trumpets terrifying sound

That day, their ears, their souls, shall wound

In sins deepe Lethargie, long drownde,
to heare a fearefull doome,

Whose noise, whose murmurings profound
shall call, what e're earths limits bound

Or who in floods, o'rewhelmd are found
hid in the Oceans wombe.

38

Who cheard are with the Worlds bright Eye,
nest'd yet with mortalitie,

Or whose dead ashes scattered lie;

dispers'd through earth or aire,

this dayes sharpe tryall all must see,

Entered once lifes miserie,

yea, babes, which scarce yet breathing bee,

must at this sound appeare

^aRev: 21

4. 8.

^bRev: 21

8.

^cRev: 21

4.

^dMat. 11

24. 31.

^eRev: 20

13

^fTheff. 4

16. 17.

When

The sacrifice of a Sinner,

39
18. *Thes.* When flames shall furiously confound
(Lightning thy glorious Throne around)
What e're shall bee their object found,
in this inferiour Frame.
Shaking the World, ev'n to the ground,
Razde from its center, laid profound,
Dissolving what earths fabricke crownde
with greatest Arte, or fame.

40
13 *24.* *Mark.* The Suns cleare beames, clouds shall enfold,
24. Starres losse their light (earths pride controld)
6 *Rev.* What Earthlings did most pretious hold,
13 records of wit, of strength,
2 *Pet.* Shall with this monuments rare moldy
10. More quicklie melt than can bee told,
2 *Pet.* All this great All shall, (as of old)
10. a Chaos turne at length,

41
f *Esay.* Then when the screiches, and frightfull cryes
20. Of such Gods wrath as vnderlyes,
Encrease the noise of rushing skies,
of earthes disjoynted frame,
g *Mat.* Hee makes divorce, that's only wise,
22. The damned goates hee doth despise
h *Rev.* Poynts out his lambes, whose sinfull dyes
14. hee purge with bloody streame.

When

To Christ our Redeemer.

42

When blessed soules shall freed of feare
Thy Throne encircling, Thee draw neare;
As dayes comforting Beame, the spheare
the Orbe of purest heauen.

Rev: 7

9.

The clouds transcending, shining cleare,
Thy footsteps streatched forth to beare,
Those trembling bands shall streight reteare
downe to the Center driven.

Rev: 11.

12

Rev: 14

14

43

Trembling to heare the thundring noise,
Of thy three-forked fearefull voyce,
Which streight their soules, with sad annoyes
with terrours strange shall pierce.

Hence, hence yee cursed, hells convoyes,
Who of this Portion earst made choyse,
In chaines of darknesse, end your Joyes,
amidst hells furies fierce.

d. Mist.

25. 41.

44

Soe curst for aye, exyde from light,
From hope, from rest, from all delight,
Where wormes ne're dying, wrath and spight
gnashing of teeth, and teares.

Rev: 14

15.

f. Mist.

25. 20

Then, what horroure, what affright,
Walk on those hopelesse prisoners light,
To barre eternally his sight,
who on the throne appeares.

When

B

Deare

The Sacrifice of a Sinner.

45

a. Rev. 5.9 "Deare Worlds Redeemer, let thy bloode,
Mee, from this multitude seclude,
Affraide to see the raging flood,
of thy vnbounded ire:

b. Mat: 5. Grant J may 'mongst thy ^b blessed broode,
8. Surfet vpon that heavenly foode
Of thy sweet face: the chiefest goode
Thyne haue, or can desire.

46

a. Rom. 8. That life which did thy bandes releiue,
11. When laide in graue; 'may mee revive,
Raifde from deathes Jayle, with thee to liue
Eternally above,
Joyes more than mortalls can belieue,
Contents, which Thou alone canst giue,
Hid treasures, which no wrong can reave,
enjoying of thy loue.

47

a. 1. Cor. 2. Cloy'de with delights, with dainties rare,
9. With which heauens tables charged are,
"Which mans weake Eye, amazed Eare
nor Heart, can right conceave.
Things hid, by his eternall care
Who doth them for his Saintes prepare,
Who, gaining him the fairest faire,
they All in all things, haue.

Who swe

To Christ our Redeemer.

48

a. I, Cor.

15. 54.

b. Rev:

21. 1.

When conqu'ring life hath death subdued,
This Worlds false shew, our sight eschued,
Whose face and countenance renewde
shall more delightfull seeme.

Thou, who with grace thy Saintes indued,
Whose shield, them from this wrath rescued,
Transport mee thither, all bedewed
with blood, did mee redeeme.

49

c. Rev: 23

16.

Bright Starre, illighting darkeſt night,
Attractive loadſtone, full of might,
Inſlam't by thy tranſpeircing ſight
there draw my heatleſſe heart;

Winge my deſires, that raiſe on hight,
may arriue by heauenly flight
there, where's no feare of ill, no ſpight,
but bleſſe, without deſart.

d. Rev.

21 4.

50

Where J Thy praises may make knowne,
three vndivided, Trinall One,
bynde with thy Saynts about thy Throne,
in hymnes not made by Men.
Grant this ſweet Sauour, Thou, alone
drowne theſe deſires, here to Thee ſhowne,
is to its end this raptur's flowne,
ſweet Jeſu, ſay Amen.

Μὴν Δοξα Θεῷ. FINIS.

To the right Vertuous and
WORSHIPFULL, THE MUSES

Deare Minion, S^t. W. MYRE,
Knight. Author.

Epigram.



Hen thy sweet Sophoclean straines I read,
Motions of Love, and Admiration breed
within my breast; for thy soule-charming Songes
(To whom the Laurell as thy due belongs)
Have rais'd in mee hotte flammes of kinde Desire
That I must love Thee still, and still admire,
Thy glorious choise, and with deserved praise
Stirre up thy Muse, a higher flight to raise,
well dost Thou now disclaime that Dwarfing fond,
And builds thy Thoughts vpon a diuine ground.

Walter Forber

DOOMES-DAY

Containing,
HELLS horreur, and
HEAVENS happinesse.

By

S^r WILLIAM MYRE

yo: of Rowallane Knight.

Songes

¹
BUT now, my Sprite refresh't a space,
Forbearing pressed steppes to trace
Aspires about the vulgare prease,
to raise a second flight.
I feele my bosome peece and peece
Warmede with vnusuall flammes; Giue place
Eare-charming fancies, Artes disgrace,
affoording false delight.

Forbes

²
Thoughts, which about the spheares inclyne,
Wings, furnish to my weake engine,
If Thou, O Lord, the 'Horne of Thine
in mee, this Rapture wrought
Be present by thy power divine,
Grant in my lines thy might may shyne,
From drosse of sinne, my spr'ite refine,
raise from the earth my thought.

2. Sam.

22.3.

Doomes-day.

3

But why thus pants thou in my breast
Affrighted soule, deprive of rest?
What sudden feares thy joyes molest,
what jarres disturbe thy peace?
Why tremblest thou, with terrours prest,
To heare that fearefull doome exprest
By that great Judge, who euer blest
is just, as full of grace.

4

Heere pause a space, (My Soule) acquaint
Thy selfe this judgement to prevent:
No moment of our time is spent,
which thither doth not lead.
The dangers scene, which doe torment
Thy troubled minde with discontent
gainst them, let fervent suites bee sent
Immunitie to plead.

5

Haste, haste my Soule, shake off delay,
Which too much of thy time makes prey
Lay vp provision for that Day,
there boldlie to arrive.
Where Reprobats, accurst for aye,
Shall wish in vaine their lifes decay,
That earth would to their soules make way,
them swallowing vp alive.

Doomes-day.

6

Oh! what encounter sad shall bee
Twixt soules, from darknesse chaines set free,
And bodies, mates in miserie
calde foorth, to bee combynd,
Not for reciprocall supplie
As friends new joynde in amitie,
But neuer dying, aye to die,
in quenchlesse flammes confynde.

7

Deaths loathsome den, detested Jayle,
Scout, following sin with stretched sayle,
Which fleeting froaths, which pleasures fraile,
On Rocke of shipwrack led.
Maske of mischiese, sins slender vaile,
Good Motions euer bent to quaile,
Which in the birth thou didst assaile
Them burying as they bred.

8

Wretch, who to pamper dust, didst doate,
Whom Hell attends with open throate,
Readie to retribute the lote
to thy deservings due.
Oh! what hath violate deaths knot,
That still in graue thou didst not rot,
Maske overspred with sins foule spot,
raide, anguish to renew?

Thus

Doomes-day.

Thus (too too late) the Soule shall rayles
Re-entring this abhorred Iayle,
Which recombynd, while both bevaile
Lifes misgoverned raines,
Then Angels shall to Judgement haile,
There, whence no party can appeale,
To heare deathes sentence countervaille,
Lyfes Ioyes, with endlesse paines.

10

O wretch, who Judgement heere delayes,
Whom false securitie betrayes,
Who ne're thy Sins blacke summe surveyes
which future anguish breeds.
Then, shall the Auncient of dayes
Who all mens works in ballance layes,
Examine all thy wordes, thy wayes,
thy thoughts, thy soule misdeedes.

11

None shall this search seuerer eschew,
From bookes laide open to his view,
A summar processe shall ensue,
conforme to thy trespasse,
Thy sins all summond, Thee which slew,
Approving thy damnation due,
When all the blest cœlestiall crew,
shall on thee, verdict passe,

Tho

Doomes-day.

12

Thou, who to lewdnesse now art prone,
What shame, what smart, (lifs pleasures gone)
Shall on thee seaze, when gazde vpon
By earth, by angrie heauen?
When naked, comfortlesse, alone
Thou trembling stands before the Throne;
Under Gods wrath, guilts loades dost grone,
feares, with thy faults made eaven.

13

When thy tormenting conscience torne,
Thou guiltie stands that Iudge before
Whose Image did thy soule adorne,
who did infuse thy breath.
Who pittying thee to sin forlorne,
Left heauens, was of an earthling borne,
Liu'de loth'd, Hyde with contempt and scorn
emptyed the Cup of wrath.

14

Witnesse, earth trembling at his paines,
Dayes beame, which all in clouds detaines,
The silver Moone, which pale remains,
for horreur of the sight.
Witnesse his hands, with bleeding veines,
Of this great All which holds the raines,
His side pierc't through to purge thy stains,
polluted sinfull wight.

Where

Doomes-day.

15

Where shall thou then safe shelter finde
Soule, than the sightlesse Mole more blinde,
When with those straits extreame confynd
faint, pale, confusdethou stands?
By doome, which cannot bee decline,
Adjudge for euer to bee pinde,
Where day nere dawnde, Sunne neuer shine,
mongst the infernall bands.

16

Where teares no truce, playnts find no place
On either hand in desp'rate cace,
Behinde thee, who thy pathes did trace,
attend thy woefull lote,
Before thee flammes, Earths frame deface
Aboue, an angric Judges face,
Below, Thee gaping to embrace,
Hells sulphure-smoking throar.

17

Thy feares, shall bee with cryes encrest
Of damned Soules, with anguish prest
With greife, with horreur vnexpress,
of due deserved ire.
The fyre-brands of a conscious brest,
Shall of thy terrours not bee least,
While worms, which on thy conscience feast
thy caslesse paine conspire,

B

Doomes-day.

18

But when (most like a thunder dart)
That separating doome, *Depart,*
Pronounc'd, shall pierce thy panting heart, *Mat.*
with a most fearefull knell. *25.41.*

Which shall thee from Gods presence part,
Exposde to torments, that impart
Nor end of time, nor ease of smart,
while headlongs hurld in hell.

19

Their shalt thou dive in depthes profound,
Still sinke but never meete a ground,
In waves still wrestling to bee drown'd,
deluded still by death;
Crying, where comfort none is found,
Pynde, where no pittie rage doth bound,
Thy Cup, with floods of vengeance crownde
of the Almightyes wrath.

20

Bathde in a bottomlesse abisse,
Paine still encreassing, ne're remisse,
Where Scorpions sting, where serpents hisse,
wormes, neuer satiate, gnaw.
Rackt, thinking what thou was, now is,
Deprive for aye from hope of blisse,
For toyes, eternall joy didst misse,
nor crub't by love, nor aw.

No

Doomes-day.

21

Paine of No Torment doth it selfe extend
sense. Heere, all the members to offend,
Which vniverfall grieve doth send,
doth every part entrinch:

There paines, which reasons reach transcend
On soule and body both descend,
No joynt, nerve, muscle, without end
but sev'rall plagues doe pinch.

22

Lascivious Eye, with objects light
Which earst did entertaine thy sight,
Weepe, there exylde in endlesse night
lockt vp in horride shads.

Nyce Eare, whose Organ earst did spight,
All sounds, whence flowde no fals delight
There, horror ever and affright
thy curious sense vpbraids.

23

Smell, earst with rare perfumes acquent,
Still interchange to please thy sent,
For incense, sulphure (there) doth vent,
smoake for thy odoures sweet.

Taste, vnto which to breed content,
Robt were the Earth, Sea, Firmament,
'Mongst soules, which penurie torment
There, famine Thee doth meete.

Doomes-day.

24

Vile wormeling, Thou whose tender pride,
The weakest Sunshine, scarce couldst byde,
There, plunge in this impetuous tyde,
must feele the force of fire.

Where damned soules on every syde,
Howling and roaring still abyde,
Which finde no shelter them to hyde
from this eternall ire.

25

There, the Ambitious, who in skies
Did (late) on wax-joynde winges arise,
Of base contempt is made the pryse,
the Proudling pestred downe.

There *Dives*, who did earst despise
Of famisht soules, the piercing cries,
Shall one cold drop of water pryse
about a Monarches crowne.

26

Loe, there the vile licentious Goate
Whom lawlesse lust did earst besotte,
Enchainde in the embracements hotte
of furious raging flames.

There, to the drunkards parched throate,
Justice, doth scrotching drought allote
In floods of fire, which judgde to floate
still vaine refreshment claimes.

On

Vile

Doomes-day.

27

On Covetous, on cruell wight,
Shall equall weight of vengeance light,
With byting vllurie, with spight,
the poore ones who did presse.
So to the remnant that did fight,
'gainst heauens decrees, their conscience light,
Gods wrath shall bee proportionde right,
by measure, more or lesse.

28

Soule, which vnpittied ever playnes,
Heere, suffering for thy sins soule staynes
Flammes, lashing whips, rackes, fyre chaynes
tormenting outward sense.
Of all most terrible remaines,
Paine of Losse of Gods face, while thou sustains:
losse. O hell of hell! O paine of paines!
still to bee banisht thence.

29

But when thou hast as many yeares
Those tortures felt, as shyne in spheares
Lights, fixt and straying, eyes haue teares
or waves the azure Plaine,
No nearer are their end those feares,
Ever beginning, which thou beares,
No change abates, no date outweares,
thy euer pinching paine.

Doomes-day.

30

O dying life! O living death;
O stinging fyre, blowne by Gods breath;
O boyling lake, no ground which hath,
destroying nought it burnes!
O overflowing flood of wrath,
Which damned soules are drencht beneath;
O pit profound, O woefull path;
whence, Entrer ne're returns.

31

Sweet *Reconciler, Prince of peace,
Who pittying Mans most wretched cace,
Didst hellish agonies embrace
in soule, in bodie shame,
Let mee in those extreames finde grace,
Ilightned by thy glorious face,
Rankt mongst thy Saints, the elect race
whose wayes thou didst proclaime.

Rom. 5.

10.

32

O! let me safe protection plead
Unto my soule, which full of dread,
Hangs ouer Hell, by lifes fraile threed
conservde but by thy might,
That when, heauens, whence it did proceed,
Its separation have decreed,
With ^bNoahs Doue, Thou mayst it lead
there whence it first tooke flight.

b gen. 8.

8.

Oh,

33

Oh, how it longes, on winges to rise,
(Secure from sins contagious dyes)
Endenizde citizen of skies
with Thee, for aye to rest.
Oh, how it doth the Jayle despise,
In fleshes fetters, it which tyes,
And lets it, to enjoy the pryse,
with which thy Saints are blest.

34

For Thee I thirst, O living spring,
Pure source of life, who guides faiths wing,
By flight, to reach the hiest thing,
to compasse things most hard.
When shalt Thou mee from danger bring
To Port of peace, my God, my King,
Blest giver, and the gifted thing?
rewarder, and reward?

35

When shall J from exile set free
Mynative home, my country see?
When one immortall Pincons flie,
that holy Citie reach?
Whose streetes pure gold, gold buildings bee
Apoc. 19 Walls, stones most precious beautifie,
31, Ports solide Pearles, Guests neuer die,
whose peace, no paines empeach.

Eter-

Doomes-day.

36

Eternall Spring, (shrill Winter gone,)
 This Glimate constant makes alone,
 Nor flaming heate, nor frozen Zone
 distemper heere doe breed.
 From Lambes sweet breath, on glories throne
 Enstalde, are balmie odours throwne,
 Time hath no turnes, heere change is none,
 no seasons doe succeed.

37

Pale envy, emulation, spight,
 Nor death, nor danger heere affright,
 Heere hopes nor feares, nor false delight,
 in sublunarie toyes.

Apoc.

21. 23.

No Lampe dartes soorth alternat light
 The Lambes sweet face here shines ay bright,
 Which of the Saints doth blesse the sight
 who doe in him rejoyse.

38

Heere simple beautie scorneth Arte,
 Rose-checked youth, old ages dart,
 Joyes perpetuitie impart,
 no warre disturbs this peace.

O this Gods Palace royall arte
 Preparde in these, with all defart
 For all that vpright are in heart,
 ere light did paynt heavens face.

1 .Pet. 1.

20.

C

Thou

Doomes day.

39

Thou, by whose pow're the spheares are rol
Earth hanging Orbe, who dost vphold,
Great Architect, King vncontrold,
Lord of this Universe,
Enstalde heere on a Throne of gold,
Dost diamantine scepter hold,
Givest Lawes to earth, hence dost behold
how wights below converse.

40

If heere, such eye-enchauting fights,
Amazing beauties, choise delights,
This Mansion low, of dying wights
Earths brittle Orbe adorne,
What wonders then, what glorious lights,
Must beautifie those reachlesse hights,
Thy blest abode, which dayes, which night
vicissitude doth scorne?

41

If these such admiration breed,
What Thou, who didst heauens Curtain spre
Earth stayde midst aire, that it doth neede
its weight nought to sustaine.
Who full of Majestie and dread,
Of intellectuall pow'rs dost plead
Attendance, on thy face which feede,
O ever blessed traine!

Doomes-day.

42

re rol Archangels, Angels, clothde with might,
Thrones, Cherubs, Seraphins of light,
Princes and Powers all shining bright,
Dominions, vertues pure.

hold With beames that sparkle from the sight,
Inflamde, which flie no other flight
But satiat rest, rapt with delight,
which doth for aye endure.

43

O sweet societie! how blest
They, who these orders haue encreast;
From labour free, in peace who rest
surpassing humane sense?
ights, Where blesse, where glory doth invest
s, Apostles, Martyres, and the rest
h nigh Of holy Saints, with tortures prest,
to death, in Trueths defence.

44

n spre The Patriarchs, Prophets, Lights divine,
neede Cleare starres on earth) bright suns here shine
Heere all the elect hoast, deathes line
which yet haue ouerpast.
Incorp'rat to their Head, incline
One way, Joyes common all combine,
This band no discord can vntwine,
loue doth eternall last.

An

C 2

Of

1. *Cor.* 4. Of glorie 'mongst thele bands elect;
 6. Degrees there are, but no defect,
Dan. 12. Full vessells all, none can expect
 3. more, than the lest containes.
 Mans heart no pleasure can project,
 But greater doth from hence reflect,
 One cause, in all workes one effect,
 of measure none complains.

- O Joyes! my drossie sprite, which wing
 Upwards, aboue the spheares to spring,
 ('Times Father) where thy praises ring,
 which Saints, which Angels raise:
Apoc. 9. Where all around Thee in a ring
 1. Heau'ns hoasts, high Allelujahs sing,
 O heavenly consort! Blessed King,
 blest people, Thee who praile.

No woefull earth-confined wight,
 With Owlishe eyes can view this light;
 The weake horizon of Mans sight,
 farre, farre which doth outreach,
 This vnexpressible delight,
 Doth reasons dazelde eye benight,
 What I cannot conceine aright,
 Lord, let experience teach.

Doomes day.

48

Give mee, that in some measure small
(While fleshes bands my sprite enthrall)
I may, a farre, a glance let fall,
at these contentments poynt,
These termlesse Joyes which (one day) shall
In honny, turne Saints bitter gall,
From guilt, when flammes shall purge this Ball
this Engine hudge disjoynt,

49

When the Arch-angels voice shall raise
The graues pale guests, the World amaze, *1 Cor. 15*
Around all burning in a blaze, *52.*
suffring for mans offence. *1. Thes. 4*
What Joyes, then, sleeping Saints shall leaze *16.*
How much this long-longde sight them please
This sight, deaths fetters which shall ease,
all passed cares, compense?

50

O what a happie houre! how deare,
How glorious shall this day appeare
To thee my Soule, when freed from feare,
grimme death, thou darst outface?
When (thy redemption drawing neare) *luke. 21.*
lifes toyles shall trophees to Thee reare, *28.*
Which cankring Tyme shall ne're outweare,
Giv nor foes desplayt deface.

Doomes-day.

51

Thought tyrants, haue by doome vnjust
In furious flammes thy carcasse thrust,
Not daigning It, to earth to trust
 with honour of a graue,
No Atome of thy scattered dust,
But see this solemne Meeting must,
Purgde from corruption, from rust
 of sinne did It deprauē.

52

Thy shape renewde, more glorious made
Than when it entred deathes darke shade,
Raifde by his viiufying aide,
 Deaths powres who did controule.
With flesh adorne, which ne're shall fade,
Nor rotte in earthes cold bosome laide,
But liue for aye the Mansion glade,
 of a Triumphant soule.

53

No beautie, nature brought to light
Did ravish most amazed sight,
Which, as farre short, from day as night,
 from This, shall not bee found,
Which shall adorne each new-borne wight
 Co-partner of this hid delight,
The lame shall leape, proportionde right,
 the dumbe, Gods praises sound.

Esay. 35
6.

Caugh

Doomes-day.

54

1Thes. 4.

Caught vp, when on immortall wings
To aire, this stage which ouerhings,
To meete thy Head, the Saints who brings,
to judge the damned traine.

17.

1. Cor. 5.

(Saints, earst accounted abject things,
Objects of scorne, weake vnderlings,
On thrones enstalde, now sceptred Kings
Eternally who reigne)

Apos.

10,

55

What bands enclustred thee 'around,
Shall make the Heauens with hymnes rebound,
That Thou a stragglng sheepe art found,
their numbers to encrease?

Luk. 15.

If they did such applauses sound
At thy conversion, how profound
Shall be their loyes, to see thee crownd,
with them to acquiesse?

7.

56

As pansiue Pilgrime, sore distrest,
Wearie and weake, with famine prest,
Whom feare of Robbers doth infest,
straying alone, in need.

If Hee, while dreaming least of rest,
Should in an instant, bee addrest,
Where, hee might live, for ever blest,
how should his Joyes exceed?

Even

Even so, my soule (now on the way)
Too easily seduc't astray,
When Thou shalt find this solide stay,
this Center of repose.
How shall the pleasures of this day,
Adorning Thee, with rich array,
Thy suffred labours all allay,
afflictions all compose.

What boundlesse Ocean of delight
Shall quench all paines, all passed plight,
Endured wrongs, digested spight,
of tyrannizing pride?

Mat. 14. By Angels, Messengers of light,
31. When brought in thy Redeemers sight,
Set free, from deathes eternall night
adjudg't, in blesse to byde.

Mat. 25. When large Memorials shall record
34. 35. The meanest good, thou didst afforde,
36. To poore, to sicke: when deed, nor word
shall want the owne rewarde:

Hoh. 2. 1 The Judge, thy Advocate, thy Lord:
Who now absolves, Thee, first restorde:
O bond! O double-twisted cord!
O vndeseryde regard.

Doomes-day.

60

But O! when Thou casts backe thine eyes,
Thy voyage dangerous espyes
Foes ambushments, laide to surprize,
thy wayes when thou dost vuen,
The traines set soorth Thee to entise,
Base pleasures, which Thou didst despise,
What boundlesse joyes shall thence arise?
what Solace sweet ensue?

61

What strange applauses thence shall spring?
When Saints doe shout, when Angels sing?
When Heavens hie vaults, loud Eccho's ring,
of that *Absolving* voyce?

Mat. 25

Come Yee, whose faith did vpwards spring
Contempr who on the World did fling,
Blest of that great Sky-ruling King,
Enter in endlesse Ioyes.

34.

62

O Joyes, with these as farre vn-even
To Man which to conceiue are given,
As loftiest of the Planets seven
earths Center doth transcend.
(By wit, who prease to pry in heauen,
Backe by a Cherubin is driven)
Mans Reason is a vessell riven,
can litle comprehend.

Gen. 3^a

24.

But

O Joyes, as much bedazling sight,
As day's bright Beam, the weakest light,
Aboue small Gnats, as Eagles flight
amidst the clouds ensphearde,
Ioyes, as farre passing all delight,
Yet euer heard by humane wight,
As ghastly screiches of Owles, which fright,
with Larks sweet layes comparde.

1. *Cor.* 13. These boundlesse Joyes, this endlesse peace,
12. In this, claims principally place,
To see God clearely, face to face,
1. *Ioh.* 3. Him, as Hee is, to view.
2. (Notheere, as doth fraile *Adams* race,
Who through a glasse this sight embrace,
And steps of things created trace,
to reach these pleasures trew.)

With Judgement pure, to know, as knowne
These Persons three, in essence One,
God varying in names alone,
Father, Sonne, holy Ghost.
To know, why Man to lewdnesse prone
(Angels o'repast) God did repone,
In state of grace, why mercy showne
To Some, while damnde are Most.

Which

Doomes-day.

66

Which Joyes, on all the Saints elect,
On soules and bodies both reflect,
By ravishing the *Intellect*,
the *Memory* and *Will*.

Which all the *Senses* doe affect
With pleasures farre aboue defect,
Who can the rich contents detect,
those blessed Bands which fill?

67

How more perspective, pure and free,
(Sequestred from mortalitie)
The Understanding facultie,
how prompter it perceiues:
How more sublime the Object bee,
The Union inward, and more nie:
Joyes, of a more supreme degrie,
the Intellect conceaues.

68

Here charg'd with chains of flesh and bloode,
Wee apprehend by Organs roode,
The drossie mindes of Earths weake broode,
imaginde knowledge swells:
There, bathing in a boundlesse floode
Of blesse, we shall, (as sprites which stooode)
Know, (vnpuft vp) our Soueraigne goode,
In him, all creatures els.

What

What object can, in greatnesse, hight,
In glorie, majestie, in might,
This paralell, whence all delight,
all pleasure, only springs?
With rayes of vncreated light
Which cherish, not offend the sight,
Who shines most blest, for ever bright,
eternall King of Kings.

What Union, can so strict bee found,
So firme, successionlesse, profound,
Mans deepest speculation, drown'd
is in this vast abisse.
This gulf, this Ocean without ground,
The raviht minde doth wholly bound,
It drencht heerein, with glorie crown'd
bathes in a Sea of blesse.

If charming sounds, ensnaring sights,
In mindes of wonder-strucken wights
Doe moue, such violent delights
as passe the bounds of speach,
The Joyes then midst these reachlesse hights,
Ay bright with euer-burning lights,
Must farre transcend the loftiest flights,
wits most profound can reach.

The fluide Joyes, which here entise,
From things corruptible arise,
No Union, but externall, ties
the sense and object fraile:
How should wee then these pleasures prise,
Which ever laste about the skies?
This Union strict, all change defies,
this bonde can neuer faile.

What superexcellent degrees
Of Ioy, the Intellect shall seaze?
When It, with cleare, vnfyled eyes
the species, natures, strength,
Of beastes, of birds, of stones, of trees,
Of hearbes, the hid proprieties,
Th'essentiall differences sees
of Creatures all at length?

Of Ioy, what ouerflowing spaite,
Inunding this Theater great,
Drench with delight shall euery state
here marshalled above?
Till now, euen from the Worlds first date,
When Saints secure from sins deccate,
Their Palmes, their Crownes receiue, who late *2 Tim. 4*
earths vtmost spight did proue. *8.*

Nor

Nor shall the knowledge of the paine,
The torments which the damn'd sustain,
The cryms which earst their soules did staine,
impare these joyes divine:
These blacke Characters show most plaine
Gods justice, their deserved bane,
The brightnesse of the blessed traine
oppolde, more cleare doth shine.

Their Vengeance, shall the Just rejoyse,
(Heavens bleffe comparde with hels annoyes)
As earst by regal Prophets voice,
divinely was fore-told.

Psalm. Saintes should incompassed with Joys,
58. 10. Bathe in their blood, whom death destroyes,
Happie, who so his life employes,
mongst Saints to bee enrol.

Heere ofr (with wonder rapt) wee find,
The punishment with vertuous minde,
The fault with the reward combinde,
at which the lust repines.
There, fault with punishment confinde
Rewarde, to vertuously inclinde,
Eternall justice vndeclinde,
impartially assignes.

As these, and more joyes vnexpress,
The Understanding doe invest,
As in the Center of its rest,

So heere, the *will* doth pause
In peace, which cannot bee encrest;
Not wrestling passions to digest;
O calme tranquillitie! how blest
They, whom this loadstone drawes.

Hence spring, 'such ardent flammes of loue
To God, to all the Saints aboue,
That not one ioy, these hoasts do proue
which It, doe not delight,
Hence, It, no fewer joyes doe moue,
Then God, Co-partners doth approue,
Joyes infinite, which ne're remoue
nor weakned are by flight.

As soules, which horride shads enchain;
This, doe not feele their meanest paine,
With mates most hated to remaine
for aye, by just decreite:
How happie then, this glorious traine,
With these, eternally to raigne,
Who mutuall love, doe entertaine,
Insep'rablie vnite?

From

Dooms-day.

81

From thence a quiet calme Content
A sympathying sweet concent,
Satiety which vnacquaint
with loathing, doth arise.
Man heere in earths ignoble tent,
Desires vnbounded still torment,
The more hee hath the more is bent
things fading to comprise.

82

O soule, which life doth heere expose
To inward feares, to outward foes,
Deluded by deceaving show's
with shads of seeming blesse,
When with content, thy Cup oreflows
When hopes nor vast desires thou knowes,
How deare shall bee this sweet repose
which aye beginning is?

83

O Peace! on which all hap depends,
Mans vnderstanding, which transcends
To Thee alone, our labour tends,
our Pilgrimage aspires.
Happie, in Thee, his life who spends,
In Joy, in peace, which never ends,
To present toyles, which solace sends
encentring our desires.

By

Doomes-day

84

By perfect *Iustice*, what excesse
Of Joy shall to the *will* accresse?
Out-shining *Adams* righteousnessse
in innocent estate?

(But O! this Joy, who can expresse?
Not tongues of Angels, Mans much lesse;
O ravish't Soule, heere acquiesse,
drencht in this Ocean great)

85

His Reason, *Adams* sense, and will
Did serve, this God: but changeable
Was this submission, now, but still
All doe themselves subject
To God: by bonde most durable,
Fearing no fall, secure from ill,
Rending the soule most am'able
to God, selfe, Saints elect,

86

O soule dejected, plunge in feare,
Which stinging thoughts, minds horrors teare
Thy wounded sprite, who canst not beare,
with inward terrours torne.
O how invaluable! how deare;
Would this integritie sincere
To Thee (in conscience rackt) appeare,
which doth the saints adorne?

By

D

This

Doomes-day.

87

This innocence which doth exclude
All spots, polluting, earths fraile broode,
Pure, vndistainde, perfectly good,
free from least sinfull thought;
Saintes aye refreshing with that food
Of Gods wingde messengers, which stood
Confirmde in grace by purple floode,
which Mans redemption wrought,

88

Nor shall lesse measure of content
To *Memory* of Saints present
How lifes small period heere was spent,
encompassed with cares.
From warres most pittifull event
If settled, sweetest peace is spent,
The soule, which earst did most lament
joyes most, now freed of teares.

89

Of passed fight, the doubtfull fate
The Souldier doth with joye relate.
The sea-tofde wight, in dangers great,
if gone, most pleasure finds.
Past miseries inuinding spaite,
Most sweetens Saints triumphing state,
Foes spoyles, which no invasion threat,
lesse ravish noble Minds,

From

Doomes-day.

90

From passions freed, for happiest lore,
Their purest parts which did bespote,
Strugling, as exhalations hote
in humide clouds inclosde;
From flights of darts, the World forth shot
(Entisements, which the best besotte)
While these in their remembrance float,
how much are they rejoyfde?

91

Revoluing in this calmest peace,
How God, by his preventing grace,
Our steps restrain'de, whilst we did trace
the tempting paths of death,
Of monstrous Sinnes in hottest chace,
How, Hee in loue did vs embrace;
In this to joye, Saints ne'ere shall cease,
while they in blesse doe breath.

92

The long vicissitude of yeares,
Of Times, the *Memory* endearas,
Since Worlds first Age, about the spheares,
of blest celestiall bands.
Which, while this Companie admires,
Cause of these changes, cleare appears
In *Providence* large booke, which beares
Records of Seas, of Lands.

From

C 2

In

Doomes-day.

93

In this great Volumn, read they shall
Why Angels first, first Man did fall,
Why God did This, not These recall,
of his eternall grace.
Why Hee did *Abrams* seede enstall,
Peculiar most of Nations all,
And why to Gentiles these made thrall,
were planted in their place.

94

In these great Archives, scrold is found,
Why dearest Saints are trode to ground,
By Tyrants pryde, to which no bound
oft is below assignde.
To wit, more glorious to bee crown'd
As their affections did abound
Joyes may proportionall redound,
as crosses them confinde.

95

Mat. 12 Nor shall the *Bodie* now all bright,
43. The fellow souldier of the spright.
Bee frustrate of these Ioyes, by right
of its redemption due.
Of all, the Noblest sense, the *Sight*
Impassible, not harmde by light
Aboue all measure shall delight,
amazde with wonders new.

How

Doomes-day.

96

How shall the ravisht Eye admire,
When Suns past number, doe appeare?
Darkning that sparke, our hemi-spheare,
which cleeres with chearefull rayes.

Mat. 13

43.

On all hands, Nought, when farre and neare
Encounters sight, but objects cleare,
Blest Empyrean bands, which weare
Crowns, Palmes, immortall bayes.

97

How shall this Beautie vs amaze?
How on this glorie shall wee gaze?
How on our bodies, which doe blaze
with brightest beames of light?
Our bodies which ere death did seaze,
(Death which no prayers can appease)
Most loathsome burthens were to these
whom most they now delight.

98

What breast can bound this joyes full spaite,
To see falne Angels chayrs of state,
Filde with our friends, familiars late,
Love long dissolvde, renewde?
To see, to know (O wonder great)
Saints all, all times did heere relate
since *Abels* blood (a long-long date)
his brothers hands imbrued.

Gen. 4. 8

How

By

Doomes-day.

99

By force of flames, which all subdue,
When brought to nought, this worlds false shew
P 13. Of Heauen, of earth, the fabricke new
3. what wonders shall afford?
9. Rev: Things, which before wee never knew,
2. Charming our euer-gazing view,
With pleasures endlesse, perfect, true,
which tongue cannot record.

100

But none of all these objects rare,
Can with thy sight, O Christ, compare,
Fulnesse of Joy reflecteth there
on these, at thy right hand.
Psal. 17. In Rightconnesse, thy face preclare,
15. Who viewing, satisfied are,
For which a place, Thou didst prepare
before thy Throne to stand.

101

If that great Herauld of Heavens King,
Record of Thee, sent forth, to bring,
For Joy, did in thy presence spring,
an Embriou, yet vnborne.
If yet a babe, thy sight benigne,
So Simeons soule with joy did sting,
That hee his Obsequies did sing,
with age and weaknesse worne.

If Easterne Sages spar'de so paine
By Pilgrims toyles, thy sight to gaine;
An infant, borne, but so bee slaine,
in manger, meanlielaide;
What soule then can these joyes containe
Which shall arise to see Thy raigne?
The glory of thy heavnlie traine,
whose pompe shall never fade.

But O! (Mee thinks) of heavenly layes
A Consort sweet my sense betrayes,
By Organs of mine *Eare*, allayes
all mind-removing cares.
About time, motion, place, which raise
My ravisht thoughts, to heare his praise
Proclaimde, which heauens blest hosts amaze,
by Notes of Angels ayres,

O harmony! transcending Arte
Of which, the hopes, ease present smart;
Thrice happy they who beare a part
in this coelestiall Quire.
O blest Musicians, most expert,
Whose Diries, all delight impart,
Whose hymnes exhilarate the heart
and entertaine the *Eare*.

Of Ambrosie, of Nectar streames,
(Heavens dainties hid in heathnish names)
An endlesse feast the Lambe proclaimes
to all the Saints above.
The Saints refresht nore with his beames
Then wordlings withvaine pleasures dreams,
O how desiferable seenes
to Thine, this feast of Love.

If beggars vile themselves hold grac't,
At Tables of great Kings to feast,
With curious cates to please their taste
with choise of rarest things:
Oh! what a heavenly sweet repast
Doe Saints enjoy, which yet shall last,
Who at immortall Tables plac't,
feast with the King of Kings.

Of all these Millions which frequent
This Paradise of sweet content,
Perfumes most rare refresh the sent,
from a perpetuall spring.
Comforting Oyntments odours vent,
Sweetning the heavens transparant tent,
Which flow from him his blood who spent
His, to this blesse to bring.

Which

Which, (as in smell, taste, hearing, sight)
In feeling als enjoy delight,
The Body changde, spirituall, light,
apt euery way to moue,
Nimble, as thought, to reach by flight,
(Unwearied) heauens supremest hight
The Center low, from Zenith bright,
as It, the Minde doth move.

By Motion swift, heere, Bodies tost,
If thus endangered to bee lost,
The feeling sense, affected most
participats most paine:
What Joyes (to view this numbrous host)
The Elementar regions, crost,
When both vn harm'd throghe heauens may post
shall then this sense sustaine?

If Spasmes, if Palkies, pincing throes,
Of Colick paines, invade, (healths foes)
These torments, *Feeling*, vndergoes
most sensible of grieve.
Now when sequestred from those woes,
Which marre lifes vnsecure repose,
How shall this sense, set free, rejoyse,
exult, at its reliefe?

But

But even as one (more bold than wise)
A Pilgrimage doth enterpryse,
O're *Atlas* tops, which hid in skies;
crownde are with Winter glasse:
Hudge Mountains past, while hee espies
Jmpenetrable Rockes, arise,
Fore't to retire, his course applies
by smoother pathes to passe.

So, while about the Spheares J prease,
Steps, not by Nature reacht, to trace,
The clowds to climbe with halting pace
lets infinite impeach.
Those reachlesse Ioyes, this boundlesse peace
In number, measure, weight, encrease:
That scarce begunne, my Song must cease,
these hights transcend my reach.

Miss A's 1641



Fancies Farewell. SON. 1.

Too long my Muse (ah) thou too long didst soile;
An *Aethiopian* striving to make white:
Ost seede on furrowes of a fruitlesse soile,
Which doth thy trauels, but with Tares acquite.
Hence-foorth fare-well, all counterfeite delyre,
Blinde Dwartling, I disclaime thy deitie,
My Pen, thy Trophies never more shall write:
Nor after shall thine arts enveigle mee.
With sacred straines, reaching a higher key,
My Thoughts about thy fictions farre aspire:
Mounted on wings of immortalitie,
I feele my brest warme with a wountlesse fire.
My Muse a strange Enthusiasme inspires,
And peece and peece thy flamme, in smoake expires.

SON. 2.

Houres mis-employ'd, evanish't as a dreame,
My lapse from vertue, and recourse to Ill,
I should, I would, I dare not say, I will
By due repentance and remorse redeeme.
Loves false delight, and beauties blazing beame
Too long benighted haue my dazled Eyes,
By youth mis-led, I too too much did prise
Deceaving shads, toyes worthy no esteame.
Plunge in the tyde of that impetuous streame,
Where synest wits haue frequent naufrage made,
O heavenly Pilote, I implore thine aide,
Rescue my soule, in danger most extreame:
Conduct mee to thy Mercyes Port, I pray,
Save Lord; Oh, let mee not bee cast away.

SONNET 3.

Looke home, my Soule, deferre not to repent,
 Time ever runnes: in sloath, great dangers ly:
 Impostumde soares the patient most torment,
 While wounds are greene, the salve with speed apply,
 Workes once adjourn'd, good successe seldome try,
 Delay's attended still with discontent:
 Thrise happie hee, takes time ere time flyde by
 And doth by fore-sight after-wit prevent.
 Looke on thy labours: timousslie lament,
 Trees are hewde down vnwholsome fruits bring foorth
 Thy younger yeares, youtnes sweet Aprile mispent
 Strive to redeeme, with works of greater worth.
 Looke home I say, make haste: O shunne delay,
 Hoyse sayle, while tyde doth last: Time posts away.

FINIS.



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